

Dropping Daylight, Tell Me

Called the race. Tell me it's over now.
I cannot stand to look in the face of my leaders now.
I'm burning up tonight.
Walk up the stairs, they tell me it's cold outside,
and I could use some air.
Called the race. Tell me its over now, and it's just not fair.

Why is this happening? Oh why?

Tell me what do you know about moving forward?
Tell me something to say,
because I'm screaming, screaming.
Give me something to make before I burn these bridges.
How much more can I hate without burning up?

I'm not giving up till I breakdown.

Turn off the news, and try to get some rest.
Wrap myself in heat. I'm burning up.
Why does it take so long to get myself to sleep?

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